

*BONDS OF FRIENDSHIP*

ISSUE 7

50BFR

TRAVELREPORT NEPAL-BELGIUM

INTERVIEW WITH NEUROSIS

COLLUMS AND PERSONAL RANTS  
ON SEX, HARDCORE AND TRUTH



## EDITORIAL

I'll take my dreams and just pretend.

This is issue seven of Bonds of Friendship. What you will be reading in these pages is just a fraction of what I wrote the past half year.

This zine is not anymore what it used to be.

Most of the things I wrote down here are really personal. It's the first time in my life that I publish things that go on in my head, beyond the "safe" topics. It's exciting I somehow feel like taking a risk publishing this issue, because all this personal shit makes me vulnerable.

I very much have that restless feeling that I just need to write things down, and I'll just keep on writing without finding the right words.

Doubt makes me crazy, reality makes me desperate.

Maybe you'll find this issue a bit too personal, but I don't care.

And, no, I'm sorry, I'm not gonna write about all the things you already know, about the things you want to read.

Everything is said too many times. I'm gonna write about myself, about what's going on in my crazy fucked up head, about what's going on in my heart, about how I feel. Maybe it's all one big egotrip, but somehow I think this will be more fulfilling for me.

So, why don't you tell me what you think? What you feel?

Being part of this whole hardcore network give you a great opportunity to publish what you want.

But, if you do write me, keep in mind I am a chaotic asshole who is not organised at all. Maybe you'll have to wait a long time for a reply.

After november 1994 I won't have a permanent address anymore, I'll probably be moving around again. You can contact me at the old address of my mother, because that's where I somehow always end up.

The last few years I travelled almost non-stop. Hardcore gave me the opportunity to do so. I can go anywhere in Europe and crash in

someones house.

I made great friends in different places. That's why Hardcore is so important to me. It's vital.

I toured a few times with great bands, got to learn beautiful people, and

with this zine, I think I can give them something in return for what they did for me. For letting me stay in their houses, for sharing parts of their lives with me and for letting me tour with their bands.

I admit i sometimes was a bit septical towards the whole DIY spirit. But lately I started to reflect the things of my life towards this ethic, and I found out that most of the things that I find so valuable in my life happened because I wanted them to happen.

I found ways to travel and meet people. I found ways to go around in a way I organised completely by myself, and it is amazing how much I achieved with the limited amount of money and knowledge about travelling. I had the will, and I followed it till it's core!

The Do It Yourself ethic makes fuckin' sense.

Every fanzine made, every record made, every concert, demo, squat, homebrew, selfgrown veggies that are made by people because the Wanted to, is a big fuck off to the life you are supposed to live. Obeying to laws who tell you what to read, what to listen to, how much you pay for a concert, what you should protest against, how much rent you'll pay, even whom you have sex with-it all became a commercial trap.

Stand up, rise above the mediocrasy, do the things you want to do. For once, people out there: do something wild, do what you want, learn what you desire, and arm your desires.

Make them reality.  
Live your utopia!

Love me. (please) Joris.

## BEG YOUR PARDON

CHORUS / Beg the question, bend the truth, bail out the basement while there's holes in the roof. /

In the beginning they said there was light, / Well there ain't much left of it now. / We're lost in the darkness, searching sound and sight / Of an answer to the what, where or how. / We're talking 'bout freedom while we're locked in a cell. / Dreaming of a world without war, / Forced to live on the boundanes of hell. / Like no-one's ever thought of peace before. / But what's the point of preaching peace if it's something you don't feel? / What's the point of talking love if you think that love ain't real? / Where's the hope in hopelessness? / Where's the truth in lies? / Don't hold my hand if you can't look me in the eyes.

## CHORUS

In the beginning they said there was light / But somebody's burnt out the fuse. / And now we're all lost in eternal night / Looking for a candle to use. / Lots of little candles, isolated hope. / Frail little flames in the gale. / Lost little people who just can't cope. / Just knocking their heads on the nail. / What's the point of talking freedom if you just protect yourself? / What's the point of preaching shaming as you accumulate your wealth? / It's so easy to be giving if the things you give ain't real. / It's so easy to lie if you ignore the things you feel.

## CHORUS

In the beginning they said there was light / But we never had the eyes to see. / But rather than struggling or putting up a fight / We ran like lemmings to the sea. / No-one really wants to get it all together. / It's easier just to grab what you can. / Everybody's going it, hell for leather. / Building little castles in the sand. / Hypocnsy, delusion, lies, pretence, deceit. / Think only of yourself and the world's at your feet. / I don't believe the things you say, you make bullshit of the truth. / The game you play's offensive and your life's the living proof.

## CHORUS

In the beginning they said there was light / But I'm tired of hearing their lies. / I'm tired of deceit, gonna put up a fight. / I'm going to use my own eyes. / Gonna make MY decisions, live my own life. / They can keep their darkness and gloom. / Hypocnsy, trickery. / I've had enough. / They can keep their destruction and doom. / I've only one life and I'll live it my way. / They can keep their restrictions and law. / And if they think different I'll have one thing to say... "Fuck off 'cos I've heard it before."

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BELGIUM.

HAVE NO FEAR, NO HOPE, NO IDEALS... BE FREE.

Last night I was reading the past issues of Bonds Of Friendship again.

When reading the last issue I did (June 1992), I thought the stuff that I wrote that time was pretty naive. It was packed with all this anarchist stuff. I would still identify myself as an anarchist, and I still feel really strong about the stuff I wrote but I just don't have the same enthusiasm anymore to create "the revolution".

It made me think alot about this issue. I needed to find a balance between my own desires and about what I thought was my responsibility; to protest all the time (because no one seemed to do so).

I just no longer want to put all my energy towards the "revolution".

I want to live my life, I wanna be happy, I wanna do things that I want to do and somehow I feel this is political as well as I will do anything possible, I will move heaven and earth to do those things I really want, no matter what they say about how I am supposed to live my life.

So it kind of made me wonder about the contents of this issue. I kind of felt that I had to print some more "political" things in here, but then again, this would not really reflect the way I'm living my life at this particular moment.

Travelling also made me question alot of the truths I based my life upon. Life ain't just black and white. A solution for the apocalyptic state of our planet doesn't exist. Those who think they have found the right strategy for change are wrong. They are dogmatic.

All I want right now is to learn from people. And I hope I can learn from you too.

The personal is the political. The political must be personal. If not, it won't be my cup of tea.

Actually I did want some more "hardcore" stuff in here. But I just didn't have any good stuff to print. I hope I will have some more interviews with bands or individuals that inspired me in a future

issue.

It was great to see, when I got back from my last journey that there were a few new bands with young people starting out in the area where I live. Apart from the paganbabes from Bad Influence everything was fuckin dead. I feel a bit older as well. There are some kids from a younger generation who seem to be pretty enthusiast about the whole hardcore thing. I hope they don't just jump on the bandwagon because of the succes of bands like Sick of It All and Biohazard. (They are rockn' roll, and I hate that circus with all my senses!)

And read my lips; Negative Human Behaviour are punk. I remember a concert they did at a big party.

Nico has a big mouth and stands for what he believes. The audience hated him for that reason, but he just kept on doing his thing and spoke about what he wanted to speak about. They are punk.

Also Rubbish Heap start to play out a bit more. Go and see them when you can.

Another Belgian band that blew me away recently is Unhinged.

Get their demo, see them live. They are angry (and drunk!).

A whole lot seem to happen in the Antwerp province. Finally some people have got their shit together and are doing inspirational things. They publish a monthly newsheet about their local scene. It's in english, it's called Splinter and I love projects like that.

I still didn't see a Hopeman Path gig, but knowing the people involved, I think it must be awesome.

I saw Shortsight playing a few weeks ago. I first saw them a few years ago, but I didn't have the chance to see them again.

They played a set like they were doing the dishes, but hey I think every band would sound really mellow when they have to play after Acme. I did like the new Shortsight seven inch though.

Another band from the Antwerp pro-

vince is State of Grace. They play really fast and do it well, and they look like American kids. I wish they could play a real sweaty set in my flat at 30°, you know what I mean. (Oh dear, now I'm getting of at their beautiful bodies) I hope they can handle a joke like that. But hey, they didn't seem dum at all. At least they have the integrity!

Acme was probably the best gig I saw the past half year. Oh yes, you can beat me, hit me, torture me, but please give me more of this brutal shit! Boy, they were angry, I mean really angry!

Kosjer D just released a 7" on Bruno and Cathy's Genet Records. They're from Leuven, not from Washington DC, and they swing like hell. I don't know them personally, but their first record seems really honest to me.

Bad Influence just recently went into the studio again. I am a B.I. devotee, and I'll tell you: "this is going be the shit dude". Heavy as fuck! Should be released on Skuld somewhere in the fall of 1994.

Nothing new seems to happen in fanzine land though. At least, nothing new came my way, apart from Superfluous from Hazel. At least someone writes about what is going on in her heart. That's what I call progress, here in Belgian fanzine land, and I am really happy to do a future split-issue with her! The first issue had a bit of a controversy going about what Roy from Congress said in an interview about homosexuality. He said it was not natural.

Someone who says love is unnatural has a corpse in his mouth. End of the line.

Also Saskia from Shortsight now enters fanineland with the first issue of her Sweet Me. To be honest, her first issue didn't really inspire me as much as I thought it would do, but I guess I'll have to give her some credit because first issues never really work out the way you would want them to be. A fanzine that really inspired me like no other did the past few years is Kill The Robot out of the Land of the Free. Also Heartattack, the new project from Kent Mc Clard is high on my list.

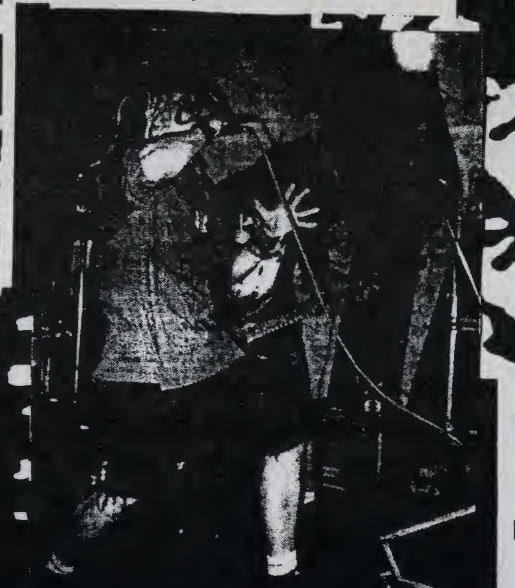
I was going to do a 7" for Panicos, a Greek band. They're great!

They are Amebix, but alot better. Sabam (the authors rights association-fuckin' rip offs!) and myself fucked some things up which pretty much delayed the whole thing, as well as lack of cash. Bruno will release it, but I will still do alot of the distribution. Keep your eyes open for reviews in fanzines.

Panicos are crazy, that's why I like them.

Another record you should get is the Naytia/Graue Zellen split album. It should be out by now on Skuld. I toured with them in the fall of 1993. I'm close friends with them so I must be biased, but hell yes, I never met any more dedicated (and deviated!!) people before. They are fun, even when they puke in my sleepingbag at 6 in the morning somewhere on the road in Sweden. They will always remember me, at least Sonja will as I almost made her puke when I put out my shoes in the van.

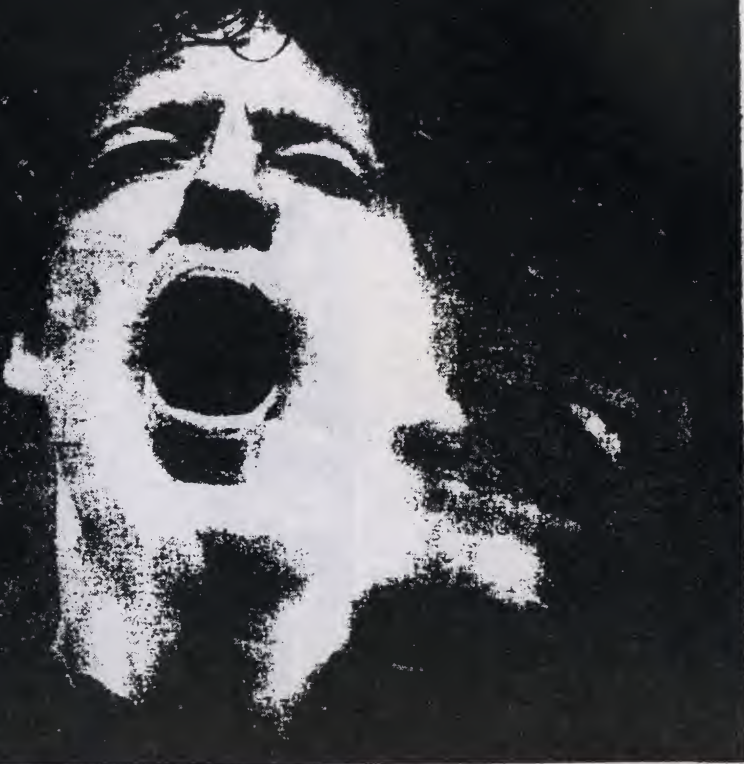
Graue Zellen and Gainsay played some really chaotic gigs here in Belgium in spring. Gainsay are god. They have two demos, check them out when you can! Oh boy, writing this down makes me think of the great times we had together. I love you guys, I really do!



Graue Zellen

For that misery of the spirit that is betrayed in the set of a face, there are no statistics. It is not those that can inflict the most, but those that can suffer the most who will conquer.

# NEUROSIS



## TO WHAT END?

Music and Lyrics: Von Till

*"Whilst the engine runs the people must work.  
Men, women, and children are yoked together with  
iron and steam. The animal machine - breakable in  
the best case, subject to a thousand sources of suffering -  
is chained fast to the iron machine, which knows no  
suffering and no weariness."  
- J.P. Kay, 1832*

*"Progress" is not progress, it is everlasting destruction  
Technology is backwards*

Born of MACHINE  
Worship MACHINE  
Slave to MACHINE  
Become MACHINE

*Modern civilization, a contradiction in terms  
In terms of survival*

Man is made to obey the...  
Are we nothing but living...  
MACHINE - a dead hand, it's work expresses death  
No spirit in it's skeletal framework  
The falsification of Man, to what end?  
TO WHAT END?

Born of MACHINE  
Worship MACHINE  
Slave to MACHINE  
Become MACHINE

*Perverted ingenuity of Man  
Fools, we've lost our earthly wisdom*

*Not the way of nature  
In a man-made state of disarray.*

IF THERE'S ONE BAND THAT REFLECTS THE SAME FEELINGS OF DESPAIR THAT I 'M FEELING EVERY FUCKING MINUTE OF MY LIFE ,IT MUST BE NEUROSIS.THERE ARE MOMENTS I CAN'T STAND THE FEELING OF BEING CAGED.THERE ARE MOMENTS OF DESPERATION WHEN I CAN'T STAND THE MEDIOCRASY ANY LONGER,MOMENTS OF DESPERATION WHEN EVERYTHING I TRY TO ACCOMPLISH IS BRUTALY CRUSHED BY THE STUPIDITY,BANALITY AND HATE THAT HAS BEEN SHOVED THROUGH MY THROAT FROM THE VERY FIRST MINUTE OF MY EXISTENCE.AT THOSE MOMENTS THE APOCALYPTIC MUSIC OF NEUROSIS TOUCHES ME,MOVES ME AND MAKES ME WANNA DESTROY EVERYTHING THAT CHAINS ME DOWN.

A BRIEF TALK WITH SCOTT KELLY,GUITAR-PLAYER,SINGER AND PERCUSSIONIST OF NEUROSIS.

**BoF:WHAT DOES -NEUROSIS MEAN TO YOU PERSONALY?IS IT A THERAPY?**

**SCOTT:***It's like a family,like a brothood you know.The most important thing,I think,-for all of us,is to have some type of support.It's definately a therapy and an outlet for getting all this shit that we seem to have inside of us out.*

**BoF:WHAT WOULD YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN A BAND?**

**SCOTT:***It's really hard to say...I don't know what we would be doing if we weren't in a band,but it wouldn't be as constructive,I'm sure.My guess is that I would be in prison.That's where all my friends are.*

**BoF:FOR WHAT KINDA REASONS?FOR POLITICAL REASONS OR BECAUSE THEY JUST COULDN'T COPE WITH EVERYDAY LIFE...**

**SCOTT:***Yeah,it's basicly not being able to handle the way it is.They just go crazy.When I was a teenager I was always in trouble.Fighting because I was really angry.I've got this fucking rage,this anger inside that doesn't go away.*

**BoF:WHERE DOES THIS RAGE AND ANGER COME FROM?**

**SCOTT:***I have some ideas ,but the root of it I try to find out.I had some bad experiences as a child that continued to fuck with me.I-t's like I was born in the wrong time or something.Do you listen to the Geras?Do you know that one line;"If I was like an animal,I could do no wrong,but they say I'm something better so I gotta hold on."That makes alot of sense to me. If they didn't put these boxes around me and these laws and tell me how to live,maybe I would be okay.*

**BoF:DO YOU REALLY FEEL LIKE THERE'S A BIG PRESSURE ON YOU,LIKE YOU'RE IN A CAGE?DO YOU BELIEF IN THE POSSIBILITY TO ESCAPE,TO UN-CHAIN YOURSELF?**

**SCOTT:***It depends from moment to moment.Right now I feel pretty okay.When I'm at work,I feel like I'm in a cage.*

*A lot of times,when I'm just walking around I just feel completely isolated from everyone else.It's like you walk by so many people*

I'VE GOT THIS FUCKING RAGE, THIS ANGER INSIDE, THAT DOESN'T GO AWAY.

and I feel this hostility, this vibration, you know.

It's not always, it's not that we don't have any happiness in our lives. I have 2 children and they help me a lot, as far as giving me something real, to care about. That's where my happiness comes from, my children.

Love is really important. Something I didn't experience so much in the first part of my life. I try to learn to not put all the stuff that I picked up along the way to my kids. It's like a heavy and hard thing to do, and I keep finding myself doing things that my father did, and he in his terms was doing what his father did.

BoF: DO YOU THINK YOU CAN PARTLY STEP OUT OF THIS CAGE WITH NEUROSIS? OR DO YOU THINK YOU WILL ALWAYS PUT BARS AROUND YOURSELF LIKE FOR INSTANCE GOING ON A MAJOR LABEL?

SCOTT: We're not going on a major! It's such a lie. Everywhere we went, people thought we're on a major label now. We're on Alternative Tentacles. We talked to numerous major labels because they are all over the place in America right now. But they're all full of shit, and we don't want anything to do with them. It's not that we may not end up on one someday, but if we do, it would be the way that we want it to be done, and not the way they try to put us in. We're not interested in playing with people who just basically vampire you. They want to make money out of our sweat and blood. We've put 8 years in this band, and we're not gonna let it go! We're not gonna give it to some asshole.

BoF: SO IT MUST BE HARD TO FIND OUT THAT, FOR INSTANCE ON THIS TOUR, YOU PLAY IN A FEW CLUBS WHO HAVE NOTHING TO DO, AND HAVE NO INTEREST WHATSOEVER IN WHAT YOU ARE DOING. - WHO'RE JUST INTO IT FOR THE CASH.

SCOTT: Yeah, it's a problem. But there's no difference than going to work everyday. It's the same fuckin' thing. The best thing to do is to work your way into a position where YOU have the power and con-

trol them, as supposed to them having the power to control you, which we're getting closer to now. It's like we can call up the club and say "we want this much money, the doorprice should be this much, we want these bands on the bill, we want this, we want that, ...". And they do it. Before it wasn't like that, 'cos we didn't bring enough people in. Now it's like we go to a club and we know people are going to come, so the club will make their money.

But our biggest problem with this tour is that we felt that a lot of the promoters were walking away with a lot of money that should have been ours, or the doorprice should have been lower or whatever, you know.

So, all you can do basically is solidify your foundation and make it strong and from there you can make your own moves.

And coming to Europe is another thing you know, it's hard. We don't know the scene that well, we don't know the clubs. There's no way for us from America to know if we're gonna be playing in for instance this other club we played in in Belgium.

BoF: THE PMRC.

SCOTT: The people of this place were nice, but that was probably an example of a weird situation. There was a weird vibe inside the club. - It's like a lot of the people never been there before and may never go there again. It's kind of this strange feeling 'cos there was such a moneything.

It's natural for humans to be that way, it's a natural human thing, but it gets out of control. It's like you wanna have your own thing and you wanna be able to control that and you want to be able to make a living at what you do, but it seems like people get too much into like really having all this elaborate bullshit. At this point, it is like we work 40 to 50 hours a week when we're at home and we do the band, - and we have families. Our lives are full. The only thing we do, what we don't wanna do is work these fuck-

kin' jobs, to work for somebody else.

People are making money out of us 24 hours a day. We work and play in a band and somebody else takes a big piece of it every fuckin' time. And that's really a frustrating position.

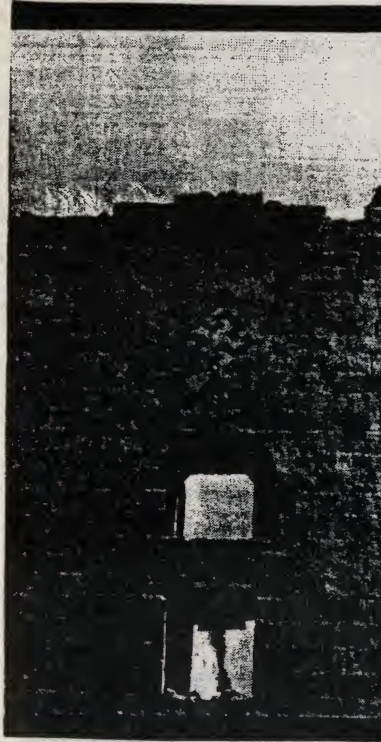
BoF: ON THE SLEEVE OF YOUR LAST ALBUM THERE ARE THOSE 5 AXES.

WHAT DOES THAT SYMBOLISE?

SCOTT: A cycle, a natural cycle. The axes are used for the harvest, so it's basically signifiying the harvest. And then you have the sun and the moon.

BoF: YOU WEREN'T INSPIRED BY OTHER BANDS LIKE CURRENT 9.3, DEATH IN JUNE, ... WHO BASICLY USE THE SAME SYMBOLS.

SCOTT: Yeah, we realised that this was the same one that Current 9.3 used after we did it. We listen to those bands and stuff.



The thoughts and philosophy is like the oldest philosophy in the world. (paganism).

BoF: IT'S LIKE YOU WANT TO GIVE THE SWASTIKA BACK IT'S REAL MEANING AND NOT LIKE IT GOT BASTARDISED BY THE FASCISTS.

SCOTT: Completely! Because the swastika is such a powerful symbol. I think anybody who has ever seen it, never forgets it. It's like it hits you and it's right there.

And then you put it into the 1939 nazi Germany context, what most people associate it with. Which obviously speaks for itself, that whole regime, it speaks for itself. It's like... take it back, don't give up on it because it is a powerful symbol. Take it back from the assholes who corrupted it, because it's not what it originally intended to be.

Hitler had a lot of interesting ideas. If you read stuff that Hitler said you will find a lot of stuff you will agree with.

But where he goes wrong is when he gets into this whole racial thing, and basically coopted the old religions and transformed it into his own view. With this antisemitism and that the nordic people would be the chosen people, that is such a bullshit!

The swastika is a symbol, a philosophy, a feeling that comes from all corners of the earth.

All the aboriginal people basically share the same philosophy, that when you're not in harmony with nature, you're going to perish, and that's what we're going to do. The human race is just completely ill, because we're not in harmony with nature.

All the people; christians, non-christians and agnostics have to learn to be aware of the power of nature.

BoF: IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE GETTING COMPLETELY DESPERATE SEEING THIS COMPLETE DESTRUCTION AND IGNORANCE.

SCOTT: Totally!

America is so sickening. You would be sick if you went there and saw what we've done to it. It's really fucked up. It's gotten so out of control now.

if they didn't PUT THESE BOXES AROUND ME, AND THESE LAWS AND TELL ME HOW TO LIVE, MAYBE I WOULD BE OKAY.

Things have gotten so bad that people have no hope and see no way out. They'll have to break out of their cages, but the way they're breaking out is with guns and with whatever violence against other people and the earth, and the general disregard about what goes on around them. A really selfish sort of attitude.

On one level it's definitely forced upon you and you have to be aware we live like in a really heavy ghetto in Oakland which is like 70% black. We have about 300 murders a year there, out of a population of 300,000, like one out of every 10,000 is murdered every year, and for the most part for really no reason. Gangs, drugs, just for the fuck of it you know.

People just go and kill, because they go like: "hey I wonder what that's like." They just want the experience. It's crazy.

So, when you walk in the streets around there you've gotta be alert and you've gotta be somewhat selfish. You have to be like: "this is me, and if someone comes by and gives me some attitude, I have to be hard."

You have to stand your ground. It creates a really fucked up environment to try to live in.

On one way you wanna be about peace and you wanna be at peace with yourself and with your family and other people. On the other hand, when you step outside you have to put your guard up and you have to be hard.

It's not like it's just in America. Many countries are like this. I know in Brazil there's much ultra-violence going on. We know these guys of Sepultura and they talked to me about this for about two hours. They moved to America, they live in Arizona now, because it's so painful for them to be at home. The violence is so much out of control there, they're like murdering the streetkids by the thousands.

It just goes on in other places too, but in America it's grown into this real bad feeling overall.



It's like at work. I'm sitting around with my friends at work. It's sick, we're laughing at violence all the time. We see someone's head getting bashed in and we just laugh our asses off because it's funny. It just turns into comedy. And it's the only way you can deal with the situation you know.

BoF: DO YOU THINK VIOLENCE IS A NATURAL THING?

SCOTT: For sure. Violence is natural. Territorial violence is natural.

The problem is there are no tribes anymore. If everybody was in their tribes it would be a different sort of a situation.

Within the tribe there is this intertribal warfare. Although we live in basic segregation.

Black people here, Mexican people here, Vietnamese people here and we're here somewhere in the middle.

In our city, within the different communities there is a lot of violence.

BoF: DO YOU STILL SPEAK ABOUT TRIBES WHEN YOU SPEAK OF THE ETHNIC PEOPLE IN GHETTOS?

SCOTT: I think on one level it's a tribal sort of thing. It is like intercultural or whatever.

Do not be

ashamed of freedom

## TRAVELLING

When people ask me why I travel, I always find it very difficult to answer that question.

I think I basically travel for three reasons... first of all to visit my friends who just happen to live in other countries. Second, because I want to encounter different cultures. I find it really fascinating.

The third reason is probably the most important reason. I travel because I don't want to make any definite choices in my life yet, and travelling is always just temporarily.

The good thing about travelling is that you meet a lot of people. The good thing about meeting people is that you can learn from them and have others learning by sharing your experiences with them.

I also think travelling can tell me a lot more about certain cultures than any newspaper or book can.

The idea to settle down hasn't really come up to me yet.

I thought it was pretty difficult to spend a full year in the same town (Antwerp), because that's where I'm doing my civil service at the moment.

It completely freaked me out to go and live in a flat again that is basically my own, knowing I can't leave for at least one year.

I just need the travelling. It's my source for life.

I do think I will eventually settle down within a few years, but I have an agenda about which places I want to see, and what circumstances I want to travel in.

I won't call it a cheap thrill, but I just love to put the limit a bit further. Travelling to remote areas under harsh conditions is something I grew into just gradually. I pretty much know what I can handle and what not. Travelling makes you crazy, but that's good. You learn how to deal with yourself, because it's only you out there in this crazy, complicated chaotic world. You'll have to deal with what's going on in your own fucked up head. You'll get confronted with your own shit!

I tried to keep a good diary when I was on the road, but sometimes I was too overwhelmed to write anything down that would make any sense. Sometimes I just couldn't put my feelings in the right words.

Travelling gives you a certain amount of freedom. You just do what you want to do, see the things you wanna see, hook up with the people you want to hook up with.

I also met a lot of nice people, many of them also long-term travellers. It's crazy how much of your personal shit you can share with people you only met a few days before. I found myself discussing subjects with people I hardly knew, but I wouldn't dare to touch them with some of my best friends.

I was so angry at myself, on what I've built my whole life upon. On all the truths I thought to have found. On all the answers on those trivial questions.

But, now I realise there can't be any answers, there can't be any truth.

There are no simple answers for complicated questions.

It is ridiculous.

I thought it was so important to be an anarchist and to fight, but

I realised there's never gonna be any profound change.  
I sometimes feel we're heading towards the total apocalypse. It may sound reactionary, but it is the way I feel.  
I want to think about myself, about who I am, about what I am doing and why I am doing it. And most important, how can I make the difference?  
I want to communicate with people, I want to learn from their experiences, hopes, frustrations and anger.

It's the individual that counts, that's why I detest almost everything that has to do with politics "in the traditional way", or political action, it's always in favour of the mass, and never in favour of the individual.  
When are people going to learn that the mass is a monster, without a brain, ready to kill you when you step out of line. Maybe that's why I would still identify myself as an anarchist, because it respects the individual. (Read Stirner!)

Being involved in politics offers me nothing new. I will only take action when I think it's necessary. Don't get me wrong, I do believe there is a vital need for action on a lot of fields, but I choose no longer to consume a demo which wouldn't learn me anything new.

When the political isn't personal, it won't be my thing.  
I based my life on this way too much in the past. What I want to do is pass my ideas and feelings on to you and I hope something will come out of it. Tell me about your lives, ideas, desires, hopes, anger, love. I need it, because it feeds me!

Well, seeing people die on the street makes an effect on you, seeing half burned dead bodies floating in the river, seeing a dead baby being eaten by a dog, seeing a man get shot in front of your nose, it all makes an effect on you, and you'll start to wonder about some things. You just stop thinking about protesting against a fur-shop or about being a veggie or not, or about being straight edge or not, it somehow all becomes irrelevant.  
Now, after I experienced all this, I just start to reject all the answers I found in my room, in front of my typewriter for all those things that happen somewhere else on the planet.

There is no truth, there's only yourself and the things you create. There is no truth or reality that will suit for all. That's impossible. All there is is chaos.

The only reality there is is Your reality. The reality that You create. Your way of thinking, feeling and your way of interpretation of the things that surround you, that's the only reality there is.

An overall reality, an overall truth is impossible.  
There cannot be one truth, there cannot be one religion, there cannot be one set of social rules, it's absurd.

In this cell that is ours, there is no pity,  
no sunrise on the cold plain that is our soul,  
no beckoning to a warm horizon.

All beauty eludes us and we wait.

'No answer is in itself an answer.'

Oriental proverb.

It's been over year now that I left for a lengthy trip through the Indian subcontinent and Persia. This trip changed my life. I was kinda used to travelling, but apart from two trips to Turkey and Kurdistan and some longterm stays in Greece I never travelled for 8 months. So, I got this real shitty job doing the interior decoration in a stupid clothstore. The good thing was they paid me really well. So, one Friday afternoon I decided to have worked enough and saved up enough money to give it a go. So I bought a oneway ticket to Kathmandu, the flight leaving 8 days later, while I still had to arrange a visa and get several injections, as I was going to tropical areas with strange tropical diseases. Maybe this was the most unexpected thing I did in my entire life so far.

I've been speaking about the trip with several people. I was more or less trying to write a diary, but sometimes it just didn't work, or I was just to overwhelmed to write anything that would make any sense. So when I got back home some things got rewritten, because it took me quite some time to capture all those experiences. Some people told me I got back more mature, whatever that may be. There are some excerpts of my diary that I would like to share with you, only a few fragments of this immense trip. I left Belgium April 10th. I spend a few days in Dacca, Bangladesh - mainly on the airport and in the airport hotel waiting until this pre-historian plane would be fixed again to to Kathmandu. I spend about a month in Nepal, where I made an incredible trek into the Himalaya. Then I moved on to North India, fled this sickening country a month later to Pakistan and later through Iran and Kurdistan towards Greece.  
That briefly sums up the route I followed...





Children in Kagbeni-Nepal

May 8, 1993.

I woke up pretty sick today. I spent at least 5 hours at the Indian Embassy. Still they didn't give me the right visum.

I've been waiting 6 days now.

I decided to give it another try tomorrow, and just don't bother about it too much.

I took an autorickshaw on my way back to the centre. The driver was a maniac, like all drivers here.

A rickshaw ride is a suicide drive. Close your eyes, and don't think it's real. It works! Upon arrival on Durbar square I go to one of the temples, climb up there to watch

life go by. A young boy approached me. He looked so empowering, with this nice smile on his face. He'd come and sit next to me. He didn't seem to speak any English at all.

He touched me gently and said: "Monkeytemple?" I understand he wanted to show me the monkeytemple on a hill just outside town. I was there a few weeks ago, but I just couldn't resist going there again with this boy.

I wanted to take him home, to take care of him. He should always be at my side. He was just way too friendly! So we walked through the suburbs to this temple, and he would grab my hand and point his finger to remarkable things that I would never have noticed when I would walk here alone. He pointed exceptional embroidery on some houses we passed, but I was too

stunned about the misery I saw around me. We passed this riverbed where people are living in cardboard boxes, where pigs and kids wash together, where vultures are eating a dead buffalo, but this young kid is showing me some flowers that grow in between the garbage.

We crossed the bridge and arrive in the poorest area of Kathmandu. I sunk ankle deep in the mud. Streets are not paved. The street is the sewage, the toilet, the washing place, the cooking place. Rats are everywhere, and nobody seems to bother

about their presence neither. My prince keeps on telling me: "monkeytemple very nice mister, monkeytemple very nice!"

As we finally arrive on the foot of the hill, there are 365 steps in front of us leading to the temple. Every two steps has a beggar, all trying to get some rupees of the few tourists that actually make it here.

I feel like a bastard not giving them some money. If I give to one, I have to give to all. That just the way it goes. It hurts me to pretend I ignore them. But their dramatic looks will be printed in my mind forever.

On top of the hill is this amazing Buddhist stupa. The look over Kathmandu is spectacular, with the Himalaya range miles and miles away. It's amazing how fast I could more or less forget the misery I witnessed the past hour.

No wonder they call this the monkeytemple. They're everywhere. I was just relaxing for a while when two Nepalese students came to me. Their English was rather good, compared to the knowledge of my prince. For some reason we started to discuss politics. These students were telling me how important it was for their country when they finally had free elections a few years ago. They were dreaming of democracy, as it would bring them freedom and welfare. Apart from being able to vote for whatever morron they want, nothing has profoundly changed since the first "free elections". But still they hoped things would change for the better. Misanthropic as I am, I started to explain them my opinions on democracy. It was like taking away their faith in the future. I tried to explain them whoever you vote for, nothing will change. Because the elite who has the power will try to keep it and use it in their benefit only. If change and freedom are ever to come it should come from the people, but people in Nepal don't worry too much about politics. They need to feed them-

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selves and their children, day by fucking day. They have no time to organise themselves. They need food. That's the only thing they can work for, 16 hours a day for a portion of rice. I guess I left those guys pretty dissatisfied.

It was late afternoon when I made my way back to the pension. The few tourists I saw were enjoying their holidays. Buying all those so-called hippy clothes and patronising the locals as much as they could. Most of them travel all the way to Kathmandu either to make a trek in the Himalaya with all their GI Joe gear, or to get stoned all day. I despise them.

May 9, 1993. Kathmandu, Nepal.

Today I finally got my visum for India! It's about time. My Nepalese visum expires tomorrow. No chance I'll be crossing the border in time!

When I got back from the Indian embassy, my prince was waiting in front of my room. I had the wildest

phantasies about him last night, - and my heart started to beat like a Napalm Death drumsolo. He just followed me into my room, sat down and stared at me. Should I give it a try? No, I'm too nervous, and this guy is too pure. I keep on thinking of frustrated men going to Bangkok to fuck boys. I just couldn't. If only we could communicate. Gosh, I wished I spoke Nepalese! I packed my stuff and asked if he wanted to eat something. We went out to a rooftop restaurant with a fabulous look over Kathmandu. I bought him a nice meal. He was so thankful, only smiling and touching me.

The bus will leave Kathmandu tomorrow night, which means we'll arrive at the border one day after my Nepal visum expires. Too bad. This is the only way. Now I only hope I will finally get this damn passport.

I paid the equivalent of 9\$ for the 36 hours bus drive. It won't be a comfortable for that price I guess.



Kagbeni, Annapurna area-Nepal

By 4pm I make sure to be back in the Indian embassy. And yes, my visum is ready! What a relief. Tonight is the last night to be spent in Kathmandu. I want to make it great. I dress up a little bit and walk to freak street, the epicentre of the travellers scene. For the last time I would hear those desperate types whispering enlightened phrases like "hushies, brown sugar, change dollars?" behind my back. I guess they offered me dope over a thousand times during my total of 10 days stay in Kathmandu. I get a bit cynical and tell the guy: "No man, I'm only doing the real thing! Heroin!" He pulls me into a side alley and asks me how many grams I want. It would take him only half an hour to get it. Shit boyee, I was only joking. Western decadence has come a long way if you ask me.

So I go to the Tibetan restaurant. They have no electricity because there's a powercut. The candles make it really cosy though. I eat noodles and go for the last time to Durbar square. I feel emotionally related to this place. It's so nice to watch life go by from one of the temples. I get a bit rethoric and sentimental. Actually I feel pretty lonely.

I walk back to the pension, tell the owners I'm leaving the next day, and write this down before going to bed.

May 10, 1993. Kathmandu, Nepal.

I had a restless night. Stayed in bed until noon. Packed my stuff again and went out to buy some fruits for on the bus.

I took a local bus to Pashupatinath, the place where they burn the dead in Kathmandu. Strange feeling. Supposedly a man died and they would carry him to the burning gath. The family arrives. I guess his mom is the only person crying. They put out his shoes and throw them into the river. One hour later they burn the body. In the meanwhile kids are bathing only 3 meters away from the burning. Life

and death seem to be so fucking related!

I feel weird. It makes me sit down for a while. I just couldn't capture it. This guy died, and about 3 hours later he is gone. Only ashes remain, the relatives go back home and life goes on. Insignificant.

I make sure to be back in the pension around 8 pm. My bus will leave about 9.30pm. Of course my prince is waiting in front of my pension. We eat together and he brings me to the bus station. I'm so damn lucky to have my prince guiding me, cause there's no signs in english. Chaos. Chaos. Chaos. There must be thousands of people trying to get on one bus or another. All the luggage being tied on the roof of the busses. Bags, bananas, - bikes, rickshaws, fucking everything they sort of tie on top of the busses. My prince asks around where to find my bus, and then guides me to the vehicle that will hopefully bring me alive and well in Varanasi. I climb on top of the bus and he reaches me the bags. I tie them with my chain and padlock.

I rush on the bus to find a place to sit. He comes with me onto the bus. I wish so badly I could take him for the rest of my trip. Show him a bit of the world. I feel so privileged, yet torn apart as if they would separate me from my lover. It's time to say goodbye. I promised him to write, although he doesn't understand any english. He hugs me. I kiss him.

I feel so damn privileged that I am able to leave this country behind me. That I can leave the poverty, the rats, the dirt, the insanity, ... for what they are, and move on.

Finally the bus leaves with a 2 hour delay. I have to leave Nepal in half an hour, because that's when my visum expires. Impossible.

May 11, 1993. On a ramshackle bus to India.

At 5 o'clock in the morning we arrive at the border. It seems like



The burning ghats of Kathmandu-Nepal

we'll have to change buses. There'll be an Indian bus waiting for us on the other side of the border. It leaves at 10.

We're now supposed to get this ticket, in return of the ticket we got in Kathmandu. It will take a few hours before everyone gets their ticket. Time to rest a bit. - The bus drive was hell, and we only did 6 hours out of the 36. I feel dirty, and hungry. I eat some rice and dal and have some tea, and wait.

A few hours later we're allowed to cross the border. I hope they're not gonna send me back to Kathmandu to apply for an extension for my visum.

I walk to the checkpoint. It's damn hot, so early in the morning. I give them my passport. This man tells me with the biggest smile on his face: "Mister, you have to go back to Kathmandu. Visa no good!" I try to explain him what happened in the Indian embassy. "No mister, visa no good!"

I get a bit cynical and show him a 10\$ bill and say: "I hope my visa will be good now."

He takes my passport and the 10\$ note. Without saying a word he stamps my passport. I start laughing and make sure I leave Nepal as fast as I can before he changes his mind.

Quite funny. It's the first time I bribed someone in my life. Money will bring you everywhere. Whoever has the money has the power. Actually it felt good to have money and thus power.

Anyway, I'd rather pay this clerk than paying for an extension.

Coming on the Indian side of the border I got my passport stamped in less than five minutes. The bus is waiting. A kid tells me that when I want to put my backpack on top I have to pay him, as he will guard my stuff for potential thieves. I ask if he will be sitting on the roof. Of course he will. So I pay him 10 rupees. It takes hours and hours before the driver shows up. The kid I gave the rupees long disappeared. I guess he'll have a

great time with the money I gave him, but he won't be guarding my gear, that's for sure.

When the driver finally arrived, we all had to get of the bus to push it, because the starter of the engine didn't work. Pretty hilarious. There's place for 44 people in the bus. There's 71 of us plus all the luggage. Happy journey.

We finally get going. 20 minutes later the bus stops. 8 more people have to fit in. I can't believe it. This goes on for hours and hours. Every 20 minutes the bus would stop to either load or unload people, bananas, and all kinds of junk. There's no windows, no cushions, no legspace. But they do have an immense soundsystem with Indian pop music, the worst kind of music I ever heard blasting full treble out the speakers.

It must be around 8pm when we stopped in this village in the middle of nowhere. I see a sign "cold drinks" and I'm thinking of an ice-cold softdrink cooling me down, as it is so unbearably hot. The only cold drinks they have are the Thums Up Coke persiflications. They've been standing for God knows how many weeks in the sun, so they're boiling hot. Shit. I hate this so much! I can't buy any water in bottles neither because there aren't any and I don't want to drink the tapwater because this will make me fucking sick in no time. So I'll just follow the herds and eat some rice and dal with the usual cheppati (bread). We eat with our fingers. There's no plates. The food gets served on dried banana-leaves. I'll have some tea with it. I hope they boiled it long enough so all the bacterias are dead.

This is gonna be unavoidable. I am going to get sick in India! So, push this bus again until the engine starts again and of we go for a long haul to Varanasi. I just don't know how I did it, but I must have been sleeping a couple of hours on this bus.

May 12, 1993. The same fucking bus

to Varanasi.

Today I arrived in the late afternoon in Varanasi. I've seen the hell. I experienced it with all my senses. I'm exhausted. Dead. I am going to splurge for the first time on my trip. Take a good hotel, a good shower, airconditioning and safe food. The newspaper says it is 47°C. I can't take this. I found a nice hotel. Not too expensive (10\$). It is cool in the room. I wanna be on my own. Took a shower for at least 45 minutes. I slowly recover. I wanna go to bed early. Someone knocks on my door. This guy of the reception asks me if I want a drink. I'm dying for a cold fresh beer. "No problem" he tells me and of he goes. 10 Minutes later another guy comes to my room and asks if I'm interested in buying carpets. It took me 15 minutes to make him clear I have no interest in carpets at all.

Half an hour later another guy knocks on my door. If I'm interested in seeing his silkfactory. No I'm Not!

I wonder when they will bring me my beer I ordered 1 and a half hour ago.

Again somebody knocks on the door. If I'm interested in going on an organised trip through town. No I'm not.

Finally the beer arrived. Why did it take so long? "Beer only in licence store mister. Licence store far away. Me go with rickshaw to buy beer for you. You must pay me sir. 75 Rupees.

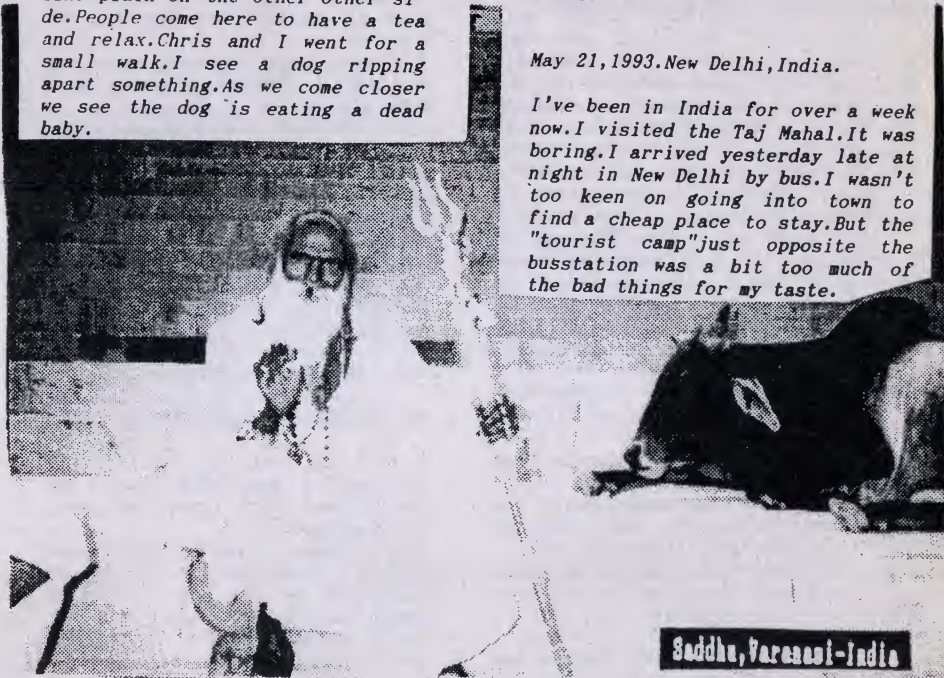
And bakshees mister. "Damn, this beer costed me 85 rupees.

May 13, 1993. Varanasi, India.

I left the hotel for what it was and found a cheap pension near the Ganges. Some more travellers seem to hang out here.

I met a woman from Canada who came from Sri Lanka. She was telling me about how she saw these people in small huts in the bush were watching Beverly Hills on telly. It was so out of place. Cultural ter-

rorism is destroying cultures all around the world. We decide to go to the Ganges and see life going on there. It's supposed to be a very mystical place. We rent a small boat and of we go. People everywhere. It is so impressive. Thousands and thousands of people are having a bath in the river. It's supposed to clean their soul. People are washing their cloths, dead bodies are getting burned on several burning gaths, so the holy river can take away their ashes to the Ocean. This river is the sewage of the town, the toilet, the swimmingpool, the crematorium. I see young kids drinking the water, and thus keeping the starvation rates high. It blasts me away. We come closer to one of the burning gaths. I can see a dead body being burned in close-up. They place the dead on top of a pile of wood, and then they put the whole lot on fire. A man stands next to burning place and with a stick he pokes the arm back into the fire when it had fallen out. Normal. We cross the river to the desert-like plain on the other other side. People come here to have a tea and relax. Chris and I went for a small walk. I see a dog ripping apart something. As we come closer we see the dog is eating a dead baby.



Saddhu, Varanasi-India

I'm shocked, because I am not shocked seeing this. It has become a part of everyday life in India. People just don't mind. Is it horrible, or is life and death so equal? Chris can't handle it. She starts crying.

I guess I didn't fully understand what I saw today. The parents of the baby probably didn't have enough money to buy wood for the cremation of their kid, so they just put it in the river, so it can take it away to the Ocean.

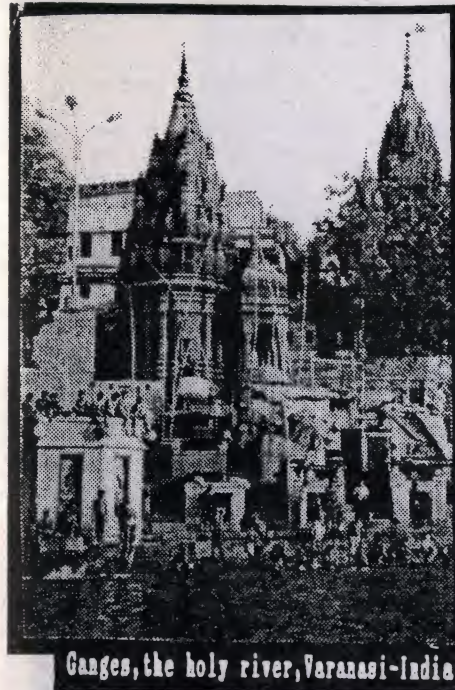
It is so goddamn weird that these things are considered being normal in India. If this would happen in any Western country it would get headlines in the papers. Here it just doesn't mean anything. Life is worth nothing.

May 14, 1993. Varanasi, India.

I woke up several times this night with the vision of the dog ripping apart the baby. I am restless. A lot of things keep on spinning through my head. I just can't put them into words.

May 21, 1993. New Delhi, India.

I've been in India for over a week now. I visited the Taj Mahal. It was boring. I arrived yesterday late at night in New Delhi by bus. I wasn't too keen on going into town to find a cheap place to stay. But the "tourist camp" just opposite the busstation was a bit too much of the bad things for my taste.



Ganges, the holy river, Varanasi-India

Too many mosquitos and fear of malaria made me decide to try and find some sort of decent accomodation. I asked this rickshawdriver to bring me to a cheap place. I promised him a good pay. Off we go. On the way down to the centre I see all the homeless people camping out in the streets. There's just so many of them. Two out of the nine million inhabitants of Delhi are homeless. It is so impressive. It is not that in every corner someone would hide. No. They're everywhere. Like matches in a box. People who have absolutely nothing. Just a piece of cloth around their genitals. Nothing more. Not even something to sleep on. No privacy at all. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Their dignity stolen. Nothing to live for. I felt completely out of place. I found a nice place to stay. Small, but cheap. Delhi seems to be fucking weird. Early this morning I want to Connaught Place, the administration part of town to cash some travelercgeques. On my way there beggars would keep on following me. Many of them have leprosy. Their hands, legs and parts of their faces are rotten away. They move on selfmade "skateboards". They have no limbs-

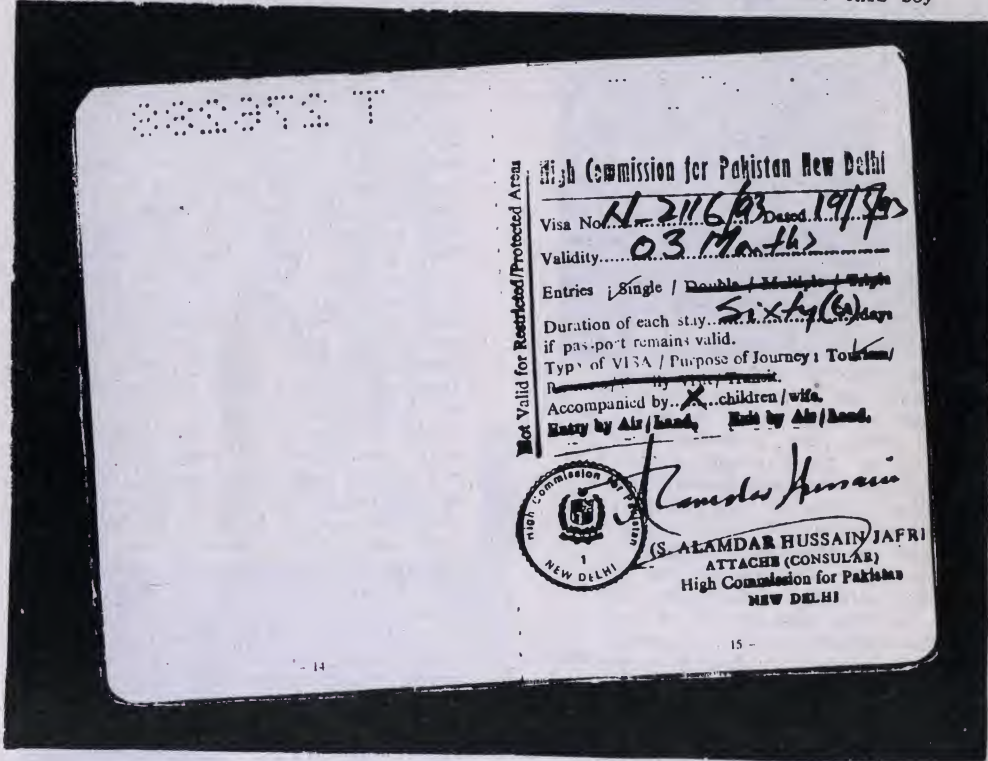
.No legs, and keep on asking for baksheesh. Oh well. I'll have to deal with it I guess. Give them a smile, but no money. What would it solve anyway?

May 29, 1993. Another manic busdrive from Nainital to Delhi.

I escaped Delhi for a while. I'm still waiting for my Iran visum. It should be stamped in my passport as soon as I get back to Delhi. I wanted to get out of this town for a few days so I booked a ticket to this resort town Nainital, in the mountains. It's a 12 hour busdrive away from Delhi. I spent a few days there, and got really sick. Yesterday I went 17 times to the toilet. I wonder where all this shit keeps coming from as I didn't eat all day. I shit pus and blood, so it must be giardia. Worms in my body. I wanna leave India. It's too much. Can't stand the heat, the sickness, the rip offs, the thieves. I just can't handle it anymore. I am so fucking sick, but I had to eat something if I didn't want to faint on the bus. Again it was one of these trips into hell. I was sitting on this bus. Completely overbooked as usual. Driving out of the mountains, downhill. This mornon who sits next to me keeps on persuading me to go to Kashmir. His uncle has a houseboat on the Dallake, and I could stay there for "friendsprice". I told him several times I didn't have any interest in getting my head blown off by some bomb. There is a civil war going on in Kashmir. Everybody is more or less shooting at everybody. But this guy just keeps on telling me how great it is. With a fake American accent, because he wants to act cool or something. I told him I was too sick and couldn't be bothered at all with some Kashmir adventure. He keeps on telling me all these stories, but I had to puke. So, I open the window (it was a "super de luxe" bus-it had windows.) and tell the guy who sits in front of me to lean his

seat a bit forward so I can put my head out and vomit. So, he puts his seat forward so I can get my head out the window. As soon as I bring my head out he pulls his seat back in normal position, so I couldn't move, with my head outside the bus. I puked. With my righthand I start to hit this guy in front of me so he would put his seat back forward and would be able to come back in. The whole bus is laughing their pants off. They thought it was a good joke.

for this delay. Okay, finally we go again, and we arrive in the busstation one hour later. When I want to get of, the driver stops me, and he asks for 500 rupees because he had to clean the puke of his fucking bus. I refused to pay him, but he wouldn't let me out without paying. There were about 20 people still on the bus. They couldn't get off because this driver blocated the door. They started yelling at me again. I had to pay. But, they didn't know that this boy



When i'm back in, this mornon next to me starts moaning again about Kashmir. I couldn't be bothered any more.

Early in the morning we arrive in Delhi. Somewhere in the suburbs our bus got stopped by an army-checkpoint. Me being the only foreigner on the bus, had to give my pasport. It took them half an hour to understand who I was. Everyone in the bus starts yelling at me because I am the one that is guilty

is a punk. He will not shrink under pressure. I just put this bloke aside, and walked out. Gosh. I never experienced what it's like to be so much hated. I never felt before what it's like to be a victim of racism. Believe me that moment I hated all Indians.



The bus that brought me to Lahore-Pakistan

June 1, 1993. Lahore, Pakistan.

I got here in the early afternoon. It feels so damn good to leave India far behind me. The border-crossing was a bit hectic again. I arrived at two o'clock. No problems on the Indian side. The Pakistanis were crazy though. This official stole my pen. The bastard. "Nice pen", he said. "Now pen is mine". I met a guy from New Zealand who was making his way back into India. He had spent 6 days in Pakistan. The last 5 days of his rather short visit he spent in jail. He told me the following story: He arrived with six other people he had met in India, and the decided to stay in the same pension. So they went to the "Travellers-Inn lodge" in Lahore and apparently the owner of this place had put some hash in their room. He later phoned the cops, and they searched the room. Of course they found the hash, and they arrested all seven of them. The guy I met could buy himself out of prison. He was the only one who still had 1200\$. That was the money the cops asked when

they wanted to bribe them. The other six probably face a 6 months sentence behind the bars of a Pakistani jail. Of course the cops would pay this hotelowner. It was all a set up. He was pretty paranoid about it. So, I am warned! I'm staying in the Salvation Army guestroom. The billboard says the owner is a thief. He had stolen money and a camera last week. Seems to be a crazy place. I will sleep with all my valuables attached to my body, and my backpack chained and padlocked to the bed. But hey, Pakistan seems to be alright. I met some nice people, and I found a shop where I can buy real bread and marmalade. This is heaven.



June 9, 1993. Zahedan, Iran.

Today I arrived in Iran. The trip down here took us 32 hours on a train through the desert. I left Quetta (Pakistan) yesterday morning. The trip was insane. I didn't book for a first or second class seat, so I had to find myself a place somewhere in the thirdclass wagons. There was no free seat anymore so I had to install myself like all the other passengers. Those Pakistanis were quite friendly though. They just carry every possible junk on the train. - They bring stoves, so they can cook, chickens, pots. Unbelievable. The train had a special carriage for camels only. You can imagine how this starts to smell within a couple of hours. The camels just pee and shit right where they are. So, I found this nice little place, took my backpack as a seat, and enjoyed the people who stared at me. And so the journey went on. In the middle of nowhere this train stops. Outside it must have been at least 50°. The cool breeze when the train moves disappeared. I couldn't stand it, and I fainted. All I remember was this group of Pakistanis standing around me when they brought me back to positives by throwing water all over me. "Are you okay mister? Good?" "No definitely not good," I replied. They gave me some hot water to drink and a strange kind of fruit I never saw before in my life. A few hours later, when the train is on the move again, a young man comes to me and offers me a berth so I could sleep, and stretch my legs. It was like a present from heaven. I didn't sleep that comfortable and woke up several times during the night. It was amazing. The hospitality and friendliness of these

people who barely had a thing. The group of men that invited me to stay in their company told me about their trip. I had the impression that half of the people on the train were on pilgrimage to Mashad in Iran and the other half was about to try to get illegally in Europe, in search for a better future. These young men borrowed a lot of money to pay for the trip to Istanbul where they would have to see a certain man who could give them a false passport and visum so they could enter Greece, as a gateway to our beloved Western world. They needed a lot of money. If they would get problems at any border and if they would be repatriated, this would mean they would have to work their entire lives to pay back their loan for this trip. Again, I felt so fuckin' privileged.

In the late afternoon we arrived in Taftan, the small village at the border with Iran. The train stopped, and everybody had to go to customs in a wagon on a sidetrack. When I got out of the train, the line-up was so incredibly long and the heat unbearable.

A huge slogan on the wall said: "Welcome to the Islamic Republic of Iran." "Down with superpowers of America and Israel".

I don't really know what to think about it. Somehow I think it's pretty childish, but on the other hand I more or less agree with this statement.

I was in for a few hours queuing, when an Iranian soldier approached me, took me by hand and took me to the front of the queue. My passport was stamped in less than 5 minutes. My luggage didn't even get searched, despite the warnings of this "heavy" border crossing. After customs, everybody had to go and line up to get malaria tablets from the doctor.

The whole procedure took us well over 4 hours, before the train took off into Iran. A mere 2 hours later we arrived in Zahedan. Other travellers warned me about this town. It could be pretty hostile. So close to the border of Pakistan and Afghanistan this town would be a harsh smuggle den. It took me some time to find a hotel that would let me stay there. I got a room together with a guy from Japan. And, yes when the night was falling, we could hear gunfire in the black hills, just outside town.

June 11 Zahedan, Iran

When we checked out the hotel we had a fight with the owner. He wanted to let us pay 10 times more as the price we agreed on the other day. Still, it wouldn't have costed more than 8 dollars, but this was just a matter of principal. We end up paying 1400 rials each. (less than a dollar.)

So far I didn't really experience the friendliness and hospitality that every traveller to Iran raves about. But then again, this is border-area, and I noticed they're always more hostile than the rest of the country.

Akito, the Japanese guy, and I decide to travel together towards Bam, an Oasis about six hours away from Zahedan.

Late in the afternoon we make our way to one of the busstations.

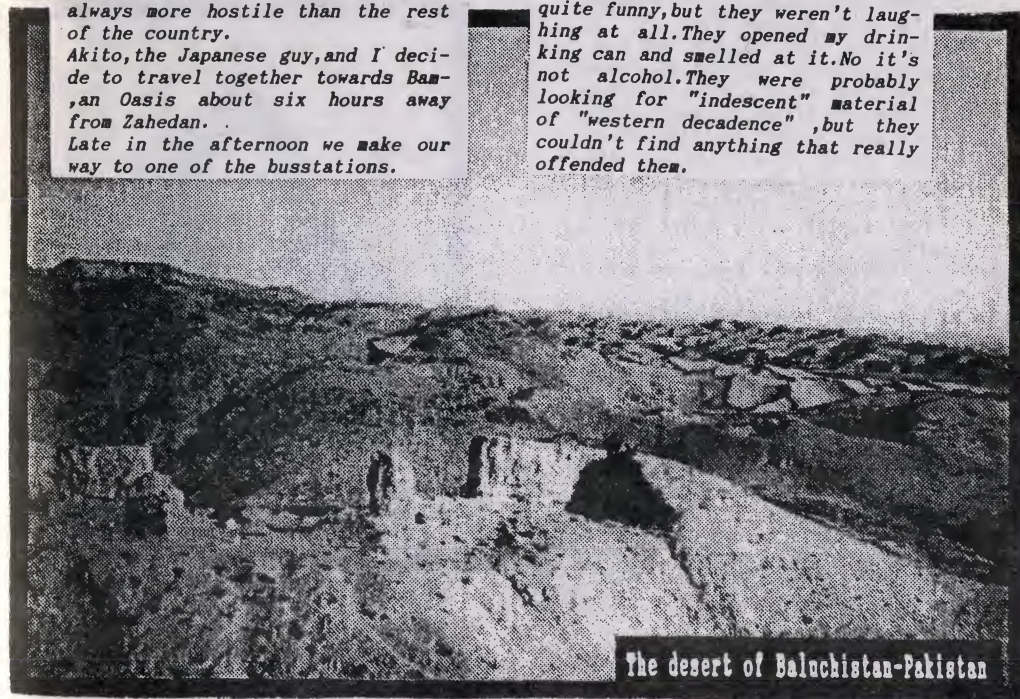
Again it's not that obvious to find out which bus to take, cus everything is written in Persian only. We had to wait another hour before a bus to Yazd would set off. They would drop us in Bam.

While waiting at the busstation, well over a 20 people gathered around us and stared at us. Actually I thought it was pretty funny. I felt like a television. They were just sitting around us. Making comments in a language we couldn't understand. At a certain point they even started to touch us, like to check if we were real.

The bus was pretty comfortable. A relief after Nepal, India and Pakistan where you could easily brake your bones by just sitting in a bus.

No longer than 15 minutes did it take us to get the first control. Armed soldiers get on the bus. Everybody has to open their luggage. I assume they're searching for smuggled goods.

Akito and I have to come in a side-office. The officials didn't speak English. They ordered us to do something but we couldn't understand what they wanted. It was quite funny, but they weren't laughing at all. They opened my drinking can and smelled at it. No it's not alcohol. They were probably looking for "indecent" material of "western decadence", but they couldn't find anything that really offended them.



The desert of Baluchistan-Pakistan

And off we go again. 30 Minutes later the bus got stopped again. Same procedure over again. The people on the bus seem to get pretty pissed about being controlled all the time.

If we continue like this the trip will take us 12 hours instead of 6.

And yes, there we go again for a third time. This time it seems for real. Everyone has to get out of the bus. It's well over midnight, bastards.

Men into one room, women in the other. Everybody undress seperately in a room with two soldiers not older than 20. They kind of envied me and Akito. I noticed it the way they were looking at us. While every passenger gets controlled, a bunch of soldiers is searching the bus, like I never saw someone searching a bus on all my past travels. With little hammers they knock on the floor, the roof, the sides... in order to find any secret places that would carry "illegal" things. With a skrewdriver they open every little lamp... It's hilarious, but it takes well over an hour and a half. And off we go again.

At about 4 o'clock in the morning the bus drops us near Bam.

We have to hitchhike into the oasis town. It took, us only 20 minutes. And then try to find a place to spend the night. The only hotel we see didn't want to take us, because we're foreigners, and the state doesn't allow them to do so. We don't know what to do next. Nobody speaks english and we're dead tired.

A police patrol stops and they make clear we have to get in the back. At that point we didn't know what they were up to. Where they going to take us to the policestation?

No, they luckily didn't. We stop at a musafurkhane, a lodge for traveling Iranians. They woke up the owners and told them we were allowed to stay in their place. We get a place on the floor, between a dozen sleeping Iranians. It's a weird place, but i couldn't be bothered and fell asleep right away.

June 12, Bam, Iran.

We wanted to see the Argh-e-Bam, the medieval old part of the oasis, the reason why Akito and I came here in the first place.

The situation looked pretty harsh for us. It was extremely hot, and we were not allowed to stay any longer at the musafurkhane. So we walked with all our packs towards the centre.

Luck seemed to be at our side when a man approached us and asked where we were going. We said we wanted to visit Arg-e-bam, but we didn't have a place to stay. He offered us his house. It didn't take too long to decide.

Minutes later we were sitting in this most beautiful house with a small innergarden with palm-trees. The sisters of this man brought us some tea and cookies, and they told us we could stay as long as we wanted. I was stunned to see Iranian women in miniskirts and t-shirts talking so openly to us. Inside the house they don't have to wear the black chador, that completely covers their body. We spoke alot and forgot about Arg-e-bam. I felt these people were really



Akito, a transvestite in Iran

oppressed. They were not allowed to dress the way they want, to speak with the person they want, to eat what they want, to drink what they

want... Still they were true muslims, but not the way the State wanted them to be. I felt so good with these people, who showed me nothing but friendliness.

June 17, Bam, Iran.

Today is my fifth day with the Amiri family. I love them. They took such a good care of me. Gave me wonderful food and more important they let me share a part of their lives. They let me into their joys and pains, and i feel I'm learning alot about Iran. My idea about this country was very much based on the information I get back home in the Western press. They wanna let you believe this country has nothing but Islamic fundamentalists who are about to kill every Westener. I also wish that every fuckin racist and neo nazi would experience what i experience here. The hospitality is amazing. This family took me in their house like I was their son. They indeed speak alot about Allah and the Koran, but when I told them I am an atheist they didn't want to put their believes through. They respected it more than any practicing christian i know back home. But then again, these people might be an exception.

They told me about the sha, about Khomeini and about Rafsjanjani and about how the general poulation of Iran feels cheated by the Islamic revolution that was going to bring them freedom, but offers them nothing but laws and stupid regulations, and is only there to serve the die hard islamic mullahs and keep them in power. Iran is the only country that i visited apart from Kurdistan where I feel everyday how much the people hate the governors.

The other day I was going to the bazaar with Akito. The Islamic police was patrolling non-stop in their cars with megaphones on top of them. Whenever they see something that doesn't fit into their interpretation of the laws from the Koran they order through the megaphone what these people have to do.

Like women who wear make up have to wash their face in public. Women who don't cover up their hair completely get the order to put the

veil on in proper way. Beggars are not allowed to sit at the entrance of the bazaar... To me it's fuckin' science fiction in the worst way. No wonder people hate the mullahs.

The past several days Akito and me went to see the medieval part of town, which is completely built in sandstone. I was stunned by the beauty. Only about six families still live in this part of the town. It has a gothly feel to it. It is just now that I realise Bam is really an oasis. The palm trees make this place in the middle of the desert somehow liveable, but the heat is unbearable most of the day.

Today Akito left to Esfahan. I will leave tomorrow to Shiraz near the Iraqi border. It was nice traveling with him. He was overlanding from Japan to Ireland. The Amiri family invited the neighbors to have a farewell party this afternoon. It was really funny. We danced, listened to the worst indian popmusic which is really popular overhere. Ali asked his sister to get some drinks of "the bottle". She came back with six glasses of homebrew vodka, which is really illegal down here. Fuckin' hell boyee, this is really strong stuff. After we finished our glass they gave everyone chewing gum, so nobody could smell we drank alcohol. When everybody was gone, Fati came to me and told me how much she liked me. She was going to marry within a few months. Then she gave me a silver necklace. I felt really uncomfortable.

I promised I'd stay in touch with here. And sure I will. I want them all to come to Belgium, so I can show them around, but the chance that will happen is really small. They won't get any visas, and suppose they did get them, they would never have enough cash to cover the expenses.

June 18, Bam, Iran

I cried when I left the Amiri family today. Fati cried as well. I'm gonna miss them. Tonight I'll arrive in Shiraz. I wonder what will happen next.

June 26, Esfahan, Iran.

I only stayed .2 days in Shiraz. And now it's almost a week I'm here in Esfahan. This town is amazing. The colors of the Mashed-Iman mosque change every hour.

When I first got here I was stunned by the beauty of the mosaics. This is definitely the most amazing building I saw in my life. The people here are extremely friendly as well. Sometimes it's even bothering me. Every 2 minutes someone taps on my shoulder and asks me the same questions over and over again.

"Hello mister, can I speak to you?"

"Sure, go ahead"

"Where do you come from?", "Are you married?", "Are you a student?" It's like they never saw a westerner before. An I must admit, I maybe met 4 more travellers the past 16 days.

But when it's getting too much I just tell them I come from the United States of America, and they always run away as fast as they can, because the mullahs wouldn't let them speak to a citizen of this "state of satan". Hilarious.

A few days ago I met Sonoko from Japan and Marc from New Zealand. They met up before. I like them, and we decide to head to Turkey together. Marc is the most sarcastic guy I ever met.

We would go out to the park where the students hang out. It doesn't take too long before they start to ask the same questions... in the end we just start to joke with it because it's getting too boring to answer the same question over a million times a day.

So, this guy came up to us and asked where we came from...

"We're from Timboektoc"

"Where is this?"

"It's a small country north of Finland. Don't you know it? It's the only country where people have 6 toes."

"Oh, really, I didn't know that."

"What a Dooo you athinkha of myee engliesh?"

"Well, to be honest we think it's really bad, you'll have to practise alot more..."

But it seems like most Iranians



Sonoko with a map of Tehran-Iran

have a good sense of humor. I like that.

I keep on running into the same people. Yesterday evening I walked back from the teahouse where I went for my daily pot of tea and waterpipe when a guy was yelling at me.

When I turned around I saw the same guy from Korea that I met in Lahore Pakistan. He couldn't find a hotel that would let him stay, so I told him he could stay in my room, as there was another bed. He was mysterious. He said he was never going to go back to Korea, but he couldn't tell me why. Something very bad had happened to him over-

there. His clothes were completely ripped, and he was travelling so low budget that it was hardly to believe. His English wasn't too good neither.

Today he told me he had homosexual fantasies last night. He knows I'm gay, because we spoke about it in Lahore. I didn't feel too comfortable. Just imagine we would get of together... in a country that has the death penalty on homosexuality. I wouldn't dare.

He left this afternoon. No idea where he would end up later.

Sonoko, Marc and I are leaving to Tehran tomorrow.

I have great memories of my time here in Esfahan.

June 30, Teheran, Iran.

This is absolutely the biggest town I've ever been too. There's over a 14 million people living here.

It took us 4 hours by taxi to go from the west to the north bus-station.

We went to the Caspian sea when we first got here. It was nice, really lush, compared to the rest of Iran, which is all desert.

When we checked in the Musaferkhane they told us we couldn't stay in the same room if either me or Marc wasn't married with Sonoko. So we told the owner that Marc married her and I was their son. Haha. Marc is 26, Sonoko 28 and I am 22, and we're all from different continents. I think the owner didn't really care. He wrote it down and gave us a room.

July 1, Teheran, Iran.

Today we went to the former American embassy. It closed down after the Islamic revolution. The walls are covered with slogans like "down with the satanic superpower of the united states". According to the propaganda material they handed us 98% of the Iranians support the Islamic revolution. It's weird, because I only seem to meet the other 2%.

The owner of the hotel got really mad at Sonoko because she went to the toilet without covering her hair. Everything is really too strict here. Although Sonoko told me that she didn't

get that much hassles as in Pakistan or Turkey. It seems like they have much more respect for women here, and the social control is also alot bigger. If someone would say something nasty, he would definitely get some remarks from fellow Iranians.

We bought a newspaper today. It said there were alot of troubles in Kurdistan. And that's where we're going too next.

We have no other choice.

Iraq is off limits. The Russian part of Azerbeidjan is in civil war, and foreigners are not allowed to fly out of Iran if they don't have the right permit. Something none of us has.

So, let's hope nothing bad will happen to us.

I have the advantage of knowing Turkish Kurdistan pretty well, because I travelled in that region last year and I've been reading alot about it. Like the Muslims would say... "ins hallah." It's up to gods will.

A young guy invited us in his house for dinner. After we had eaten, he rolled a big joint. If we get caught now, we definitely end up in jail for a few years. A friend of this guy showed us his back. It still showed the scars of a whip. They found out he had alcohol in his house, so they hit him 80 times with a whip. 4 years ago. - It seems like the Middle Ages.

The longer I stay in Iran, how more difficult it gets for me to understand this society. People are so goddamn oppressed, and they don't dare to do anything because the repression is overwhelming and intimidating.

July 4, Doghubayezit, Kurdistan.

Yesterday night was the most scary night of my life.

I experienced war. Fullblown war. We arrived here around 9pm. It took us 5 hours to cross the border with Turkey. Iranian customs were harsh.

We were dead tired of the bustrip and the customs. We found ourselves a cheap pension attached to the police station. Our room was on the ground floor, our window open. We went to bed pretty early. Around 11.30pm gunfire woke us up.

There was shooting outside. So close by that we could hear the bullets from the machinegun falling on the ground. I was in panic. Who the fuck were they shooting at? Who was shooting? Why?

Marc was in panic.

I was out of my head.

Sonoko took it cool. She closed the window, and on our hands and knees we rushed out the room to the other side of the pension. Away from the shooting.

The shooting lasted for about 10

minutes or dead? Just 10 meters away from our room. Armed men were running through the street. Shouting at each other. Who were they? PKK? Police?

We saw armed men go into the house on the other side of the street. Every light they switched on, and in James Bond style they were looking in every corner.

Tanks rolled into the street. Their loops were moving from left to right. Ready to fire.

This lasted for about 45 minutes

drink alcohol, but stick to the Kurdish struggle. The Police fired at them, and as a reply the PKK had launched a missile into the police station. With the known result... no buses, no shops, no restaurants. What were we going to do? We tried to find an organised package tour who come here to visit the Ishak Pasa castle, and Mount Ararat, so we could possibly get out of this remote town with their bus. 2 other solo travellers had already taken to only 2 available free seats.

We're trapped.

So. Know we're here, waiting until the Turkish army allows the Kurds again to reopen their shops and the bus station. How long would that take? The guy couldn't tell us. Probably a week or so.

Anyway, we changed hotel. We're now staying at the same lodge I was staying last year. The two brothers who own the place remembered me. One of them is helpful. And horny as hell.

So we just hung around and waited what would happen next. There was nothing more we could do.

July 5, Doghubayezit, Kurdistan.

Today we walked to Ishak Pasa, the castle. I know the guy who guides tourists there from last year. He invited us for dinner and told us about Kurdistan and about how the Turkish government wouldn't let Kurdish people study so they could set up their own businesses. Also about the desperate struggle from the PKK. They have a lot of supporters because there's not really an alternative for them. He also questioned their attack of 2 days ago. They were going to lose a lot of support when they started to attack the rights of Kurdish people to drink whatever they want.

July 6, Doghubayezit, Kurdistan.

Still everything closed today. No chance we could leave the area. It is a good experience to see the Kurdish people holding their dignity in this situation. It's also a

good experience to feel what it's like to live in wartime. To feel the tension, but also the hope for a better future.

July 7, Doghubayezit, Kurdistan.

Are we ever going to leave this place? Karim, the horny hotel owner told us there was heavy guerrilla warfare in the area we have to pass when we want to leave this place.

Last night there was gunfire again in the hills surrounding the town. It's weird. I get used to it. It doesn't bother me that much anymore.

We play cards all day, and make silly jokes with Karim.

He asked me to come to his room. He was half naked. I thought he wanted to do some hot stuff with me, but according to his stories he's straight as fuck.

He threw me on the bed and he started to fight. We rolled over the floor and laughed, but he didn't approach me sexually, but it was very physical to say the least.

I told Marc what happened. We joke around a lot, because there's nothing else we can do.

July 8, Doghubayezit, Kurdistan.

Sonoko made noodle soup with spaghetti.

Karim told us that he found women who make love with women very strange.

Marc told him things might get really strange when he knows everything about us. I didn't think Karim understood what he meant.

July 9, Doghubayezit, Kurdistan.

There's a chance that we could leave this place tomorrow.

Marc has to go to Van. Which means he has to travel through an area with a lot of guerrilla activity. Sonoko and I decide to go to the other side. We'll be heading towards Armenia to see the old Armenian settlement of Ani in the mountains. It would be a less dangerous route, but we have to go to Van later on if we ever want to get out of here. But we're playing

\*  
War is confirmation of the imposed reality in which we exist. A constant violent reminder of the lengths to which those that impose that reality will go. We are prisoners within that reality until we create our own.

We don't have civilisation any more. We have a state of barbarism. A state of barbarism in which we are daily, hourly, threatening with annihilation our fellow citizens. Now, looking at you I know one thing, we can win, we can win. I want you to, I want you to sense your own strength.

\*

minutes. We could hear gunfire in every part of the small town. No one came up to us to tell us what was going on.

Then there was this big explosion. The glass from every window seemed to be broken. The whole building was shaking.

This was the end.

I never believed I was going to survive this.

What was this? Are they bombing the town?

More shooting and shouting on the street. Was it a few minutes or half an hour later that the gunfire seemed to move away from our area? I can't remember. I was shaking, crying. Marc was over the top. He couldn't handle it.

We dared to make our way back to our room to look outside.

A man was lying in the street. Wounded or dead?

Then armed men came into our room. They weren't uniformed. Asked our passports, and looked under the beds. We asked them what was going on. We didn't get a reply.

The shooting lasted all night in the hills. We didn't sleep.

Early this morning we wanted to get out of here. We rushed to the bus station. No one was out in the street. The bus station was empty. A man came up to us and told us there were no buses that day. The Turkish police didn't allow any Kurdish economical activity for an unknown period of time. We asked what happened the other day.

Apparently the PKK attacked a hotel where the owner sold alcohol to the Kurdish people. The PKK doesn't want the Kurdish people to



it safe and we hope for a more peaceful time somewhere next week.

It was our last night together. So Karim got us some beers and we had a party while we could hear the shooting just outside town.

July 10, Kars, Kurdistan.

Yes! We're out! Sonoko and I took a bus to Kars. The scenery was breathtaking. So were the tanks we passed on our way down here.

The owner of the pension is a jolly old man. He came to our room and shared some raki with us. I was pissed. So was Sonoko and so was the old man. He was really friendly to us. Let us stay for free. All people were his brothers. Tomorrow we're going into the mountains to the site of Ani.

July 13, Van, Kurdistan.

I can't take it anymore, it's too much. War is obscene. I knew we would be in danger travelling through this area, but we really had no choice.

Tomorrow I'm leaving to Greece. I've had enough.

We spend 8 hours on a bus. The first 4 hours were alright.

But when we approached Bitlis there were more and more soldiers and tanks on the road and in the hills.

When we stopped to have lunch in some remote village the news was on.

It said that 38 people got killed in an attack on a bus in Erzincan, a 150 kilometers from where we were. It was with fear that I got back on the bus. The tension was not nice, to say the least. At a certain point we reached a bridge. The PKK had bombed it the week

before, so we had to pass through an improvised road. An army truck was on fire, the soldiers all around in the hills. I could see on their faces something really heavy was going on. All of a sudden the hell breaks loose. Everybody laid down on the floor of the bus. Sonoko and I didn't understand what was happening.

Gunfire.

4 Bullets hit the bus 3 meters behind my back. What the hell is this? It's only a few minutes later that I get a nervous breakdown. Nobody got hit, the bus kept on driving. I flirted with death. Life is worth nothing. War is insane.

We arrived safe in Van.

No more mister hero for me. I'll go on holidays in Benidorm next year. No, even better, I'm not going anywhere next year. I love travelling, but I didn't want this.

I love my life way too much. Hell yes, I love my life. I'm so happy to be alive, and to be able to leave this mad place.

First thing tomorrow morning, a bus out of here. I'm signing for a 40 hour busdrive to Marmaris where I can take a boat to Rhodes, Europe. I don't care. Let it be a busdrive of 80 hours, I'm out of here!

Sonoko will go straight to Istanbul. I'll miss her. She's sweet.

How much can you take?

My strength goes to the struggle of the Kurdish people who are so brutally oppressed. I've experienced it. Only a fraction of it, but it made me understand their determination for independence.

I'm confused. I'm happy. I'm afraid. I am sad. I am outraged.

I guess that's what I am travelling for. To understand reality.

It's our world. Stolen every day. We can make ourselves stronger. We can make it harder for them to steal. Perhaps, impossible to steal. They will fuck off when they have no other way to turn.



Women in Dogabaysit-Kurdistan

**THOSE WHO STEP OUT OF LINE ARE REGARDED WITH DISRESPECT, BECAUSE THEY ARE THE REFLECTION OF THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE FOOLS WHO SWALLOW IT ALL. WE WILL ALWAYS BE CONTROLLED BY THE COPS OF OUR SOCIETY. A SOCIETY WHERE EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE COP, READY TO JUDGE, CONDEMN AND MAKE YOU OBEY TO ALL THE UNWRITTEN LAWS. THEY WILL JUDGE YOU MINUTE BY MINUTE, THEY WILL CONTROL YOU EVERY DAY OF YOUR GODDAMN LIFE. DON'T EVEN TRY TO STEP OUT OF LINE. YOU WILL ALWAYS BE CONDEMNED BY THE STUPIDITY OF THE MASSES WHO SWALLOW ALL THE LIES AND HATRED BECAUSE THEY HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR. YOU WILL BE IMPRISONED BY THE COPS OF OUR SOCIETY! YOUR BOSS IS A COP, THE MEDIA IS A COP, MONEY IS A COP, THE NEWS IS A COP, THE NEWSPAPER IS A COP, THE ADVERTISERS ARE COPS, FASHION IS A COP, THE ALARMCLOCK IS A COP, THE STANDARD OF HETEROSEXUALITY IS A COP BECAUSE THEY ALL TELL YOU HOW TO LIVE YOUR FUCKIN LIVES. I WANT TO KILL A COP. KICK IT, BURN IT, SMASH IT 'TILL IT FUCKIN BREAKS!**

**EVERYTHING YOU MAKE A**

**FREAK**

**WILL INFECT & MAKE YOU WEAK**

CARA IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFULL PERSONS I EVER GOT TO KNOW. I MET HER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE WINTER OF 1992-1993 IN A SQUAT IN ROME WHEN I VISITED SOME FRIENDS UP THERE.

THE SITUATION WAS PRETTY GRIM THAT PERIOD. MOST OF MY FRIENDS JUST GOT EVICTED FROM THE SQUAT IN VIA TIBURTINA, AND WERE FACING ANOTHER EVICTION. IN SUMMERTIME I MET HER AGAIN ON A SMALL GREEK ISLAND WHERE WE SPEND SUMMERTIME TOGETHER. WE WOULD TALK ENDLESS NIGHTS ABOUT LOVE, FRIENDSHIP AND SEXUALITY. I LEARNED ALOT FROM HER.

In harmony with the increasing number of shaven-headed youth across Europe and the US sporting "proud to be British/German/Italian" patches and tattoos, is the ever stronger tendency towards pre-packaged sexuality, "proud to be gay/straight/dyke." The labeling and classification of sexuality, whether by conservative politicians or by radical queers restricts each individual's sexuality and limits the sphere of possibilities in human relationships.

Sexuality in this society has been smashed down, stepped on and wrung out until the last drop of its sweet, tart and tasty juice slid out and dripped onto the floor. Working hard to accomplish this were christianity and the capitalist state. The christians with their biblical moralism believe that sex is only for the purpose of reproduction—a concept which dates back to Socratic and Platonic thought. Along this same line of wisdom are the ideas that an individual should choose one person with whom to have sex, and then wait for permission from the church and the state (marriage) to do it. The comical irony of christian moralism is the christians' unawareness of how sexual their savior, Jesus, actually is. Huitall Konell describes: "I have a friend who observed, 'What could be more pornographic than a crucifix?' Here you have this virgin body that is totally SM'd, wounded, bloody, crushed against a restraint and naked in pure offering in a sacrificial ceremonial."

The capitalist state strives to impose upon its citizens com-

pulsory heterosexuality, using laws and christianity as its means. In "The Family, The State, and Private Property" Engels defines the nuclear family as an economic unit upon which the maintenance of capitalism is dependent. The man is the worker in the capitalist workforce, and the woman is the reproducer, by re-energizing through the maintenance of meals and the home, and by raising children who will continue this process. To meet the rising demand for resources under capitalism in current times women have joined the workforce, hiring out for the reproducers at home and thereby creating an evermore stratified society. The society based upon the nuclear family yields compulsory heterosexuality and leaves no room for other sexual tenencies or perversions.

The state, dependent on heterosexuality for the maintenance of capitalism attempts to use laws to enforce monogamous heterosexuality. Adultery and homosexuality are considered deviant, unmoral and a threat to society, and therefore are outlawed. The absurdity of such thinking is revealed when one looks at the situation historically. In societies such as that of ancient Greece where non-monogamy and homosexuality were standard practice, there was no need to outlaw monogamy and heterosexuality! A heterosexual monogamous society requires imposed social control for the maintenance of the capitalist state.

The repression of sexuality by the state and christianity has resulted in an uprising on the part of those labeled "sexual pervers" — gays, Lesbians, Bi-sexu-

als, Transvestites and others who's desires weren't to get married and produce babies to replenish the workforce. These individuals of subculture have been coming out and proudly demanding their identity and culture. The need for such group affinity is recognizable and real, nevertheless the labelling and stereo-typing of sexual identity only limits the realms of sexuality.

Eliminating the repressive categories of sexual preference requires the redefining of sexuality. Instead of heterosexual and homosexual we have the homo-sapien as a sexual being. Nor does there need to be any such thing as "sexual" and "non sexual" relationships between people. It is destructive to polarize relationships in such a manner, as a relationship between two people is intricately dynamic, a unique web of threads - emotional, physical, intellectual, spiritual, etc... - Also sexual, and always sexual, at some level.

The sexual aspect of a relationship does not necessarily mandate genital contact. The sexual can and does show various faces in different ways in each relationship and in each moment of contact and communication between two people. Equally so a relationship involving genital contact is not only sexual as the desire for genital contact - sex does not stem only from the sexual aspect of the relationship.

Putting labels on sexuality only limits our own sexuality and the potential sexual contact (physical or non-physical) possible with others. Instead of thinking, "I'm Gay/Bi/ a Dyke" etc.. why not just think, "I'm sexual", as I am emotional, intellectual, spiritual, etc. The sense of identity and culture provided by buying one of the pre-packaged sexualities can be re-established as well in a more dynamic way. "I am a Dyke therefore I act, look, talk and think as a Dyke" is so limiting. Instead, first discover the iden-

tity of your SELF and then reach out in all directions to find the people and cultures with which you find affinity.

Performance Artist Diamanda Galas says ; "A what? Woman, man, I am a fucking nigger, white person, lesbian, homosexual, witch, snake, vampire, whatever." And Homocult out of Manchester, England puts it best; "Open your mouth, arse, cunt, mind, dick, body, let your juices flow and fuck the rich!"



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A S H A M E D  
LORD MASTER GOD BOSS  
IGNORANCE THEY CALL INNOCENCE

**THAT'S RICH**  
DO WRONG TALK WRONG THINK WRONG  
MAKE THIS THEIR HELL ON EARTH

HOMOCULT

## GIVE ME MORE PERSONAL SHIT!

I met so many people who are afraid of talking about personal, intimate matters. And I think it's very funny to see that whenever I start talking about my personal relations, secrets and, above all, my sex life how many people are getting interested. Then they go like: "can i ask you a personal question?"

Sure you can! Ask me the most personal questions you want, and I'll tell you more about it than you'll ever want to know!

Actually I wrote a whole piece of my experiences on onenightstands. I've been very doubtfull about wether i should print it in here or not. In the end I thought all that I wrote was plain crap, so i deleted it.

Then I had some friends staying in my flat, and when I was telling them about a few experiences I had with some boys they shouted: "Print it, print it, it's fuckin' intresting!"

In every person there is this voyeurism that makes them want to know about the most intimate, personal things of another person. I think people can learn from it, or get inspiration, or courage out of it.

When I first came out as queer, I didn't know of anybody who had the same feelings as I did. But gradually, the more people I told about it, the more people were saying: "Hell yes, I'm glad you dare to tell, I have the same feelings sometimes".

All of a sudden they kind of popped out everywhere.

But, hey, do not call them queer! That's an assault! They are willing to admit it to me, but no way they're going to tell other people about it. They have girlfriends, so why should they bother?

I'll tell you, of all the boys I did some hot stuff with only one third admitted they are queer.

3 out of the 9 boys!

2 of those three consider themselves being bisexual, and they are open about it.

1 was openly full gay.

The other 6, with whom I played call themselves hetero

.4 from these 6 I had more than once sex with, so I guess it was more than just curiosity.

The 2 others I couldn't have more than once sex with, because I met them while being on the road, and our roads only passed by coincidence.

Funny innit?

What are these mister big hetero's afraid of?

Why should they care? They have girlfriends, or they had girlfriends, so it would be too confusing if they admitted? Oh boy, get lost.

Why can't they be honest about what they feel? Or are they honest when they are just silent about it?

If you are hetero, that's great for you, but if you sometimes have homosexual desires, don't be afraid to tell about it.

You've got nothing to loose (but your virginity).

About one-nightstands. I thought I could never do it.

Christianity and straight edge made me believe it was immoral or I was fucking with someones head.

Fuck you all. I will decide for myself what morality is and what not. I don't need you to do that for me.

One nightstands are only good for physical and sexual pleasure. Love is most of the time not really involved.

Actually I do believe sex is alot more fun when you love the person, and you know him/her.

If you don't really know the person, it's only physical. And what's wrong with that?

What's wrong with saying a person you find really beautiful

that you're attracted to him/her? I have a friend who went to a festival, and he wrote on small pieces of paper sentences like "I like you", "I feel attracted to you", "Boy, are you beautiful!" etc... He just gave them to the people he wanted to meet. I think this is so fantastic!

People are are way too afraid of getting in contact with each other. What the fuck do you have to loose? You can only win. Come out of your personal gettho and start to learn people better. It's fun. You'll learn alot.

Hell yes, ask me personal questions, don't be afraid about it!

Break down the wall that you build around your ego. Around yourself. Letting people in will make you vulnerable. You'll take a risk of being hurt, or being misunderstood. But at least people will know you as you are. And this honesty means alot more than being liked by alot of people. And if you truly want to live, you'll have to take some risks my friend.

Fuck who you want, whenever you want, how much you want, how you want. Enjoy it. Don't feel ashamed about it.

Fave tunes: (if that's any of your interest-but it fills up some empty space!)

Rorschach-Protestant LP

Acme-7"

Neurosis-all

Sol In Victus-all

Still Life-From angry heads with

skyward eyes ZLP

Born Against-all

Unhinged-demo

Abyss-7"

Graue Zellen-live

Naytia-live

Panicos-recordings for 7"

Contropotere-all



